

The Untouchable Ex Wife by Mizuki Sei

Chapter

96 “1...”

Briar stammered in slight awkwardness.

She did like Stefan very much, but she liked him only when he was perfect and high-spirited. If he was a good-for-nothing who was paralyzed in bed, she would not even give him a glance, let alone marry him.

Renee became slightly annoyed when she saw that reaction.

She felt like Briar was being picky and disdainful toward the treasure she had cherished for so many years, so she immediately protected him. She sneered. “Miss Desrosiers, didn’t you claim that what you had with Mr. Hunt was true love? Why are you hesitant now?”

“Mr. Hunt is so awesome. Even if he’s paralyzed, his complexion, figure, and temperament are exceptional. If you wouldn’t marry him, many people would. He’s the famous Stefan Hunt. It’s not up to you to be choosy!”

Being criticized, Briar was at a loss, and she went as white as a sheet. “I-I... I didn’t mean that. I just...”

Stefan, however, looked composed as he raised his charming brows. “It’s fine.

I can understand.”

Renee inevitably shook her head and sighed while looking at him and patting his shoulders pitifully. “Take it easy. People are all very pragmatic.”

‘He’s indeed mean, but he has such a difficult love life,’ she thought.

‘His first love ran away with his elder brother, and he got a schematic homewrecker under the pressure of the world. However, she’d run away the minute difficulties befell him.

‘How pitiful! Many women love you, but few are willing to share your pain and

sorrows, save for me. ‘Of course, that was in the past.

‘I’m enlightened now, and I’ll never go back to

him!’ “You jinx! Shut up!”

Francine, who had calmed down, lost her mind. Completely unhinged, she threw herself at Renee with every last ounce of strength. “You jinxed woman! I knew that Stef would get into trouble with you around. My family has never been peaceful since he married you!

“Tristan is dead, and now Stefan is paralyzed. It’s all your fault. I’ll kill you, even if I’ve got to risk my life, in exchange for some peace for my family!”

As she spoke, she picked up the vase on the table and tried to smash it on Renee’s head.

Renee didn’t expect she’d witness Francine’s deranged behavior. Since she couldn’t escape in time, she could only attempt to reduce harm by shielding her head with both hands.

However, the vase did not fall on her head as expected, for she was protected

by a warm embrace...

Renee carefully raised her head and surprisingly saw Stefan’s extremely

cold face. “Mom, this vase is very heavy. Put it down.”

Stefan shielded Renee with one arm while blocking the vase that his mother smashed on Renee with the other. He then spoke coldly. 1

Francine widened her eyes exaggeratedly, and she shed tears of joy. “Stef... You... You’re not paralyzed.

You stood up!” Stefan remained cold and stated expressionlessly, “How am I supposed to get

paralyzed?”

“That’s wonderful! There’s divine justice, and God won’t be so cruel to my

family. You scare me so much!”

Francine wiped her tears and started talking nonsense.

She might not be a good mother-in-law, but she was a good mother. No one

could trump her love for Stefan.

Briar’s expression changed quickly. When she confirmed that Stefan was standing there unscathed, handsome, and upright as before, she burst into tears. “Stefan, I know that you won’t make me worry. That was a terrifying joke. Don’t make such a joke again. It’ll worry me sick. You have no idea how much my baby was moving just now!”

Renee, still in Stefan’s arms, pushed him away harshly with all her might...

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“You tricked me!”

Rence shot Stefan a cold glare. She was indeed slightly hurt.

She recalled how she’d been acting like a fool these few days. She tried her best to take care of him, fearing he might catch some kind of illness. She also satisfied all of his fussy requests though he had long recovered.

She felt just like a clown, her dignity trampled on

by him. “Think I’m some kitten or puppy? Is it

amusing to you?”

Renee clenched her fists and suppressed her urge to break his bones. “Enjoy

yourself. I’ll be gone!” She then left without turning around.

Of course, part of the reason she ran away so quickly was that she

was guilty. After all, she firmly announced his lifelong paralysis a

few minutes ago.

Stefan was so mean that he bickered over the smallest trifles and was

extremely vindictive. If she didn't run away quickly, she was simply waiting to be ruined.

Stefan attempted to pursue her, but Briar held his arm, pretending to be considerate. "Stefan, you just recovered. Don't run around. It'll be better if you go lie and rest."

He lowered his deep-set eyes and stared at the hand she put on his arm coldly. Even though he remained quiet, his innate cold and magnificent aura terrified her so much that she immediately let go.

"Stefan, don't get mad. I'm not trying to stop you from coaxing Miss Everheart. I'm just genuinely worried about you. What's more..."

She bit her lips and acted like a bitch, as usual. "There's something about her," she muttered hesitantly. "I'm not sure if I should talk about it..."

Stefan's handsome face exposed no emotions. "Don't say it if you're unsure."

After the recent series of incidents, including Briar's true reaction after she learned that he was paralyzed, he seemed to have a new understanding of her.

"Why did you say that?"

Francine snarled, "Don't forget that Briar is still pregnant with our family's child. Be nicer to her. If she's in a better mood, the child will grow well..."

Of course, Francine saw through Briar's little thoughts, but Briar was pregnant.

If Renee were pregnant with a child, Francine would surely protect her to the ends of the earth.

Unfortunately, that confounded thing's womb was still barren after four years. What else could she do except bring bad luck to her dearest son?

Francine became angrier the more she dwelled on those things. So, she looked at Briar and urged her, "Briar, of course, she's not afraid of people criticizing her since she dares to do so. Just tell us."

Briar swallowed briefly before she carefully took her phone out. She clicked on a photograph and showed them her phone. "My friend is a paparazzo, and he managed to snap this photo and came to me. He asked if he should publish it. I felt that this photograph was bound to induce bad effects, so I asked him to delete it. However, you're her husband, and you have the right to know..."

Stefan glanced at the photograph on the phone coldly. His gaze turned gloomy and sinister.

The photograph showed Renee and Liam coming out of the obstetric department together. They looked very intimate, as though they were a couple deeply in love.

"Is this photograph true? Is this jinx pregnant?"

Francine looked at the photograph with complicated feelings.

She then recalled what Renee told her at the shopping mall that day. Renee claimed she was pregnant with an Osborne offspring, a pair of mixed-gender twins. She thought that Renee had only said that for the sake of her pride, and she did not expect it to be real. Wasn't that a kind of humiliation for the Hunt family?

Briar quickly explained, "No, that's not true. I asked the doctors there, and they told me something different..." 1

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"She's not pregnant?"

Francine breathed a sigh of relief because her family did not have to be humiliated. "But why did she visit the gynecologist if she's not pregnant?"

"Well, I can't talk about this because I'm afraid that Stefan might get upset..." Briar looked at Stefan carefully and spoke pretentiously.

Stefan's handsome face was as hard as a stone. "Go on!" he said coldly.

"Umm... I'll tell you the truth then..."

Briar was very satisfied with his reaction, so she continued eagerly, "I didn't tell you right away after seeing the photograph because I feared a misunderstanding. So, I went to see their attending doctor to get the truth. The doctor told me she wasn't pregnant, though she was ready to have Mr. Osborne's child. They got a lot of vitamin B..."

"And... It looks like she can't get pregnant easily. If a natural pregnancy fails, they may try getting a test-tube baby." Of course, Briar made those things up.

She indeed found the attending doctor who was responsible for Renee and Liam, but the other party denied that he had attended to them. She had nothing useful that they wanted.

Hence, she took the chance to make the situation worse just to slander Renee. Besides, she had even bribed her attending doctor.

Even if Stefan sent people there to investigate, he might get the same answer.

"Humph, I knew it! There must be something wrong with this jinx, and she can't get pregnant. Luckily, Stef was smart enough to divorce her in time..."

Francine felt that her family had escaped from a disaster. As she gloated at the misfortune of others, she said, "Now it's the Osborne family's turn to be unlucky. If Geronimo learns that his dearest son has found a sterile woman, he may be greatly infuriated!"

Stefan remained silent all that while, but his handsome face was horribly gloomy.

Seeing that, Francine became upset. "Stef, why are you looking at it in such a way? Shouldn't you be happy? Why do I feel like you can't accept it?"

"She even claimed you got bitten by a poisonous snake just to save her. Don't tell me that you've feelings for her now. Don't be fooled!"

Stefan clenched his fists, but there wasn't so much as a single twitch of emotion on his gorgeous

face. "Never!" he hissed cruelly with his thin lips slightly parted.

Three days later.

Renee had been staying in the house for three whole days after she came back from the hospital. She did not even walk out.

She thought that Stefan would come and deal with her when he learned he'd been fooled, which was why she hid there. It wasn't a very promising prospect, though.

Oddly enough, he went completely missing in those three days. He didn't even text her, much less go to her.

She then recalled how she stayed with him to care for him during those few days. They were once so close, but now she felt like it was a lifetime away. It was as if it had not happened.

Disappearing from each others' world that way would be the most suitable

ending. However, they needed to get a divorce before that.

Today was the day they would get divorced.

None of them contacted each other as if they were deliberately setting themselves against each other and waiting for the other party to be the bad guy to ruin that stalemate.

After waiting almost half a day, Renee finally could not hold herself

back. She picked up her phone and sent Stefan a message.

"We're getting a divorce today. What time should we meet up?"

Stefan soon sent her a reply. "In half an hour."

Why was he so cold?

Renee looked at the few words on her phone. She inevitably felt extremely resentful when she recalled how she had worked so hard to care for him during those few days.

Forget it. He was naturally an extremely aloof person. She had failed to move him after four years. So, how would he change in those few days?

Renee grabbed her documents and immediately hailed a taxi to City Hall.

Stefan's car arrived the moment she alighted the cab...

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He was as handsome and elegant as ever, even though she had not met him for a few days. This

was especially true for his long, perfect pair of legs-it appeared that he had recovered very well, with no residual effects to be seen.

Renee breathed a sigh of relief. At last, she could relax a little.

If it turned out that he was suffering from some hidden illness, she might just be held responsible for it. Consequently, she would not be able to get a divorce.

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Renee pinned the strands of her hair and cleared her throat. She felt that she should greet him, given that they were a couple. It was better to part on good terms.

She waved her hand at him and revealed a fake smile that she thought looked very natural. "Hi

However, he pursed his thin lips tightly and wore a cold face. He ignored her and strode away with his stork-like legs. He left... just like that.

This left her at a loss for words.

Her smile stiffened, and she felt both awkward and angry.

'Damn! Why is he so arrogant?' she thought. 'Even if we're no longer a couple, I wiped his body clean for a few days. Does he have to make it so unpleasant?'

Renee quickened her steps and followed him, walking toward the divorce department on

the second floor.

The crowd that was seeking divorce turned out to be as large as before, but there were only around four or five couples at the marriage registration counter today.

Renee could not help as a pang of sentimentality hit her hard. As expected, people nowadays had thought things through. The marriage system would eventually fade away.

Stefan managed to get into an express lane, thanks to his special identity.

The staff was very flattering. After he accepted their relevant documents, he poured them a drink and politely asked

them to wait. Hence, they sat side by side in silence. The atmosphere was filled with a peculiar, almost palpable

tension.

Renee put the paper cup to her mouth and sipped on the warm water as a barrage of convoluted feelings swirled in her chest.

She was about to get a divorce certificate, meaning she would no longer have any

relationship with him.

If they had a tacit understanding, they might never see each other again, just like the past three days, disappearing completely from each other's world.

She had seen it through, and she had long let go, but she failed to stop a sudden wave of sorrow from engulfing her. It got worse when she thought of the two babies in her belly. Their lives would be lacking from the moment they were born. They would never have a father.

She began to wonder if her children would blame her for being reckless and selfish when

they grew up.

"I should tell him about the babies..." persuaded a ceaseless voice in her mind.

"If we're no longer married, would it be perfect for us if we could raise the kids peacefully?"

"But if I tell him at this moment, will he think that I'm trying to manipulate the kids to emotionally blackmail him? Will he not take responsibility for them and mock me in the end?"

"After all, he feels nothing for me. He's got Briar now. Briar's child is the one he hopes for, isn't it?"

Amid the conflicted feelings that crashed into her like blur waves, she almost crushed the

paper cup.

"Are you going to remarry?"

Stefan suddenly coldly raised a question.

“Cough-cough!”

Renee choked as she looked at him with confusion.

What the hell?

Stefan’s composed face and deadpan look were laced with indescribable detachment. “Will you marry

Liam?” She widened her eyes exaggeratedly, and she became even more baffled. “Why ask?”

Stefan made no reply, and he wore an expression that she failed to decipher. He then said slowly, “As your ex-husband, whoever you’ll marry has nothing to do with me. However, I must give you a friendly reminder. Liam isn’t the right guy for you. He’s not suited for you.”

Renee found his words rather strange. She could not tell if he was giving a sincere suggestion or just trying to mock her. “Then will you marry Briar?” she immediately retorted.

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However, she regretted it the moment she raised

that question. The answer was clear. She was just

embarrassing herself.

“I want to give you a friendly reminder, too,” she insisted stubbornly in an attempt to retrieve some of her dignity. “Briar isn’t the right woman for you. Let’s not talk about her character; the moment she heard that you’d be paralyzed forever, the disdain on her face was obvious. It’s destined that you guys can share happiness but not sorrow. She only loves the bright and perfect you, not for who you truly are.”

Stefan said calmly and lightly, “It’s not important whether she loves me or not. I just want the child to be safe and happy.” “Mr. Hunt. You’re awesome. Now that’s true love!”

Renee was deeply hurt. She felt so ashamed and awkward that she could not show herself.

Humph! Did he love Briar so much that he didn’t care if she loved him, as long as their child was happy?

Suddenly, Renee felt lucky that she wasn’t impetuous and told him that she was pregnant. She would’ve been greatly embarrassed if she did.

After all, the product of love was a great treasure. On the other hand, the product of lust would be but a burden.

Who would want a burden?

The staff waved them over. They signed the document and took a photograph before he stamped the divorce agreement with a seal.

“Mr. Hunt, Miss Everheart, the procedure is complete. You’re no longer legally married from now on. This is your divorce certificate. Please keep it well.”

Renee accepted it and lowered her eyes, sizing the document up carefully.

The legendary divorce certificate had a red cover, but its color was duller than that of the marriage certificate. Besides, the couple’s photograph became a photograph with only a single person.

She suddenly recalled that she had once seen a divorce certificate. There was a saying on it that went: ‘It’s a valuable treasure to get married, but if you come across disputes and misunderstandings, they could be resolved amicably. Never hate each other but part with good terms.’

“Goodbye!”

Renee waved him goodbye. She had never felt so relaxed.

At last, it was over. The four-year marriage was both unfortunate and lucky.

She had loved, and she had hated, but she never regretted meeting him and becoming his wife. Thus, she hoped that they could cease hating each other and part on good terms.

She had just walked out of the city hall when she got a call from Old Mr. Hunt.

“Ren, I heard that you and Stef have returned from your trip abroad. I’ve recovered well after the surgery. You and Stef should come home to eat with me. I miss you guys so much.”

“I…”

Renee heard Old Mr. Hunt’s enthusiastic and kind voice, and the convoluted feelings returned.

He treated her as his granddaughter during these years, and his love for her never diminished.

Now she had gotten a divorce, so it meant that she no longer had a relationship with him. Besides, she never even bid him a proper goodbye, making her feel slightly bad about herself.

After hesitating for a few seconds, she said obediently, “Okay, Grandpa. I’ll come over and see you later.”

To patch up her lie, she headed to a nearby supermarket that sold imported goods and bought some specialties. Standing majestic like a castle, Hunt Residence was as magnificent as it always looked.

“Young Miss, here you are. Old Mr. Hunt is in his study, and he’s been waiting for you. You can head right there!”

Unlike the snobby servants at the Hunt Villa, the servants of Hunt Residence treated her with much enthusiasm and amicability, thanks to Old Mr. Hunt.

Renee walked along the long corridor and arrived at the old man’s study.

The old man was writing before the desk. When he saw that she was here, he broke into a smile. “Ren, come here. I ha mething for you.”